ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

World Press

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EXTRA!

EEK LOST FORTUNE IN NORWEGIAN TREASURE HUNT

Hope to Find Quisling's Secret Cache

TRAITOR'S NIECE TO AID

By KEITH MICHAELS

OSLO, March 19—A secret che of gold bars, believed to be ued at more than five million llars, was being sought today staff members of the Oslo nch of the World Press News ervice.

The gold bars, said to have been nfiscated by a traitorous city ficial during the war years, ere presumed to have been lost til a set of glassware was dis- vered with a code etched into e design giving the location of e gold.

However, the finding of the assware merely solved one ystery and presented another. here was thought to be no one ve who could decipher the code til it was learned of the where- outs of a woman who sup- edly was the niece of the quis- g and who was thought to have ed in his home when a child.

The woman is Miss Helena driksen of 271 East Malcom reet, Perth Amboy, New Jer- y. Now an American citizen, iss Didriksen has been living in is country since she was eight ars of age. She readily con- nted to fly to Oslo to aid in the

Continued on Page 3

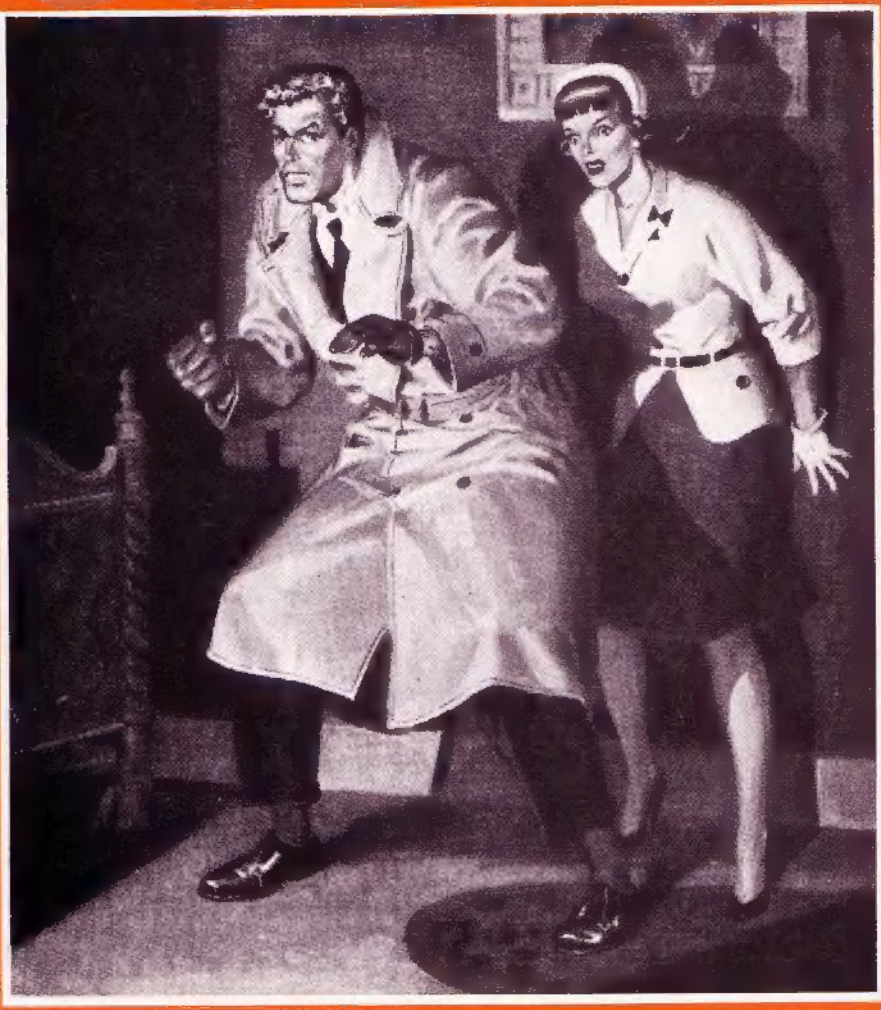
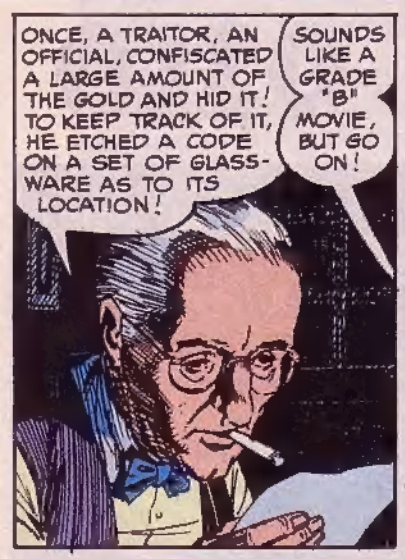
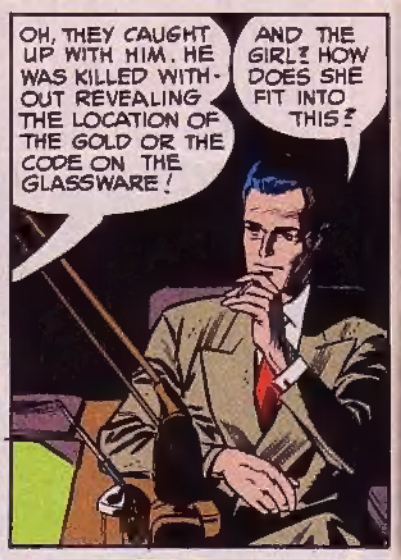


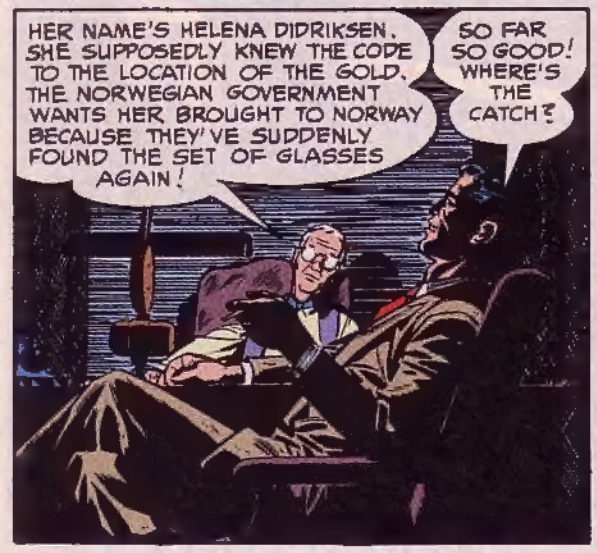
PHOTO BY JOHANN CRAIG

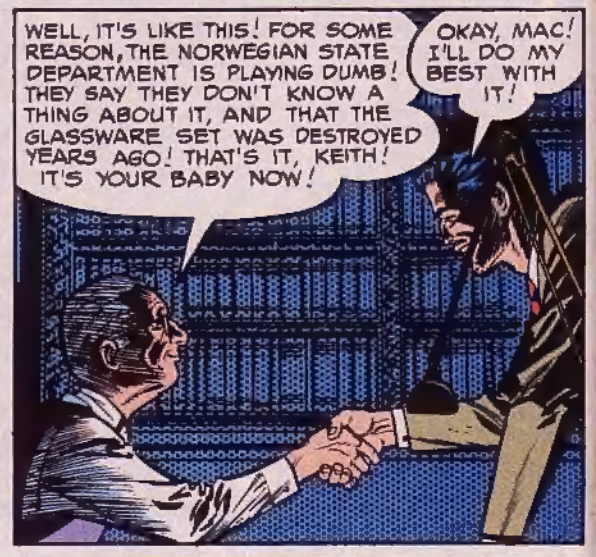
DATELINE: OSLO

AT THE OFFICE OF PATRICK JOSEPH MACDONALD, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE WORLD PRESS NEWS SERVICE IN NEW YORK...

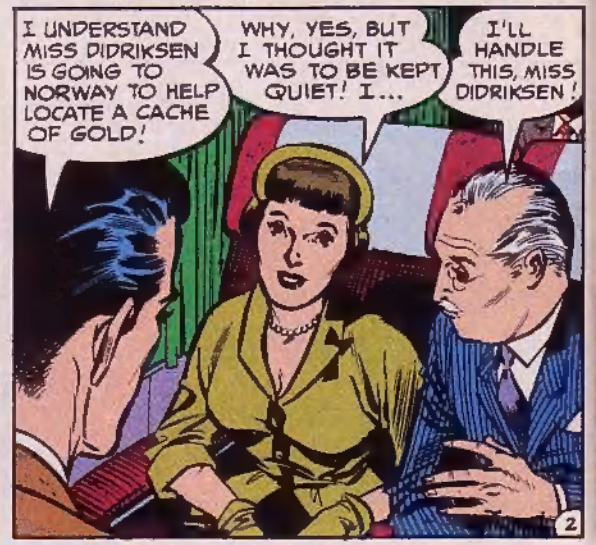


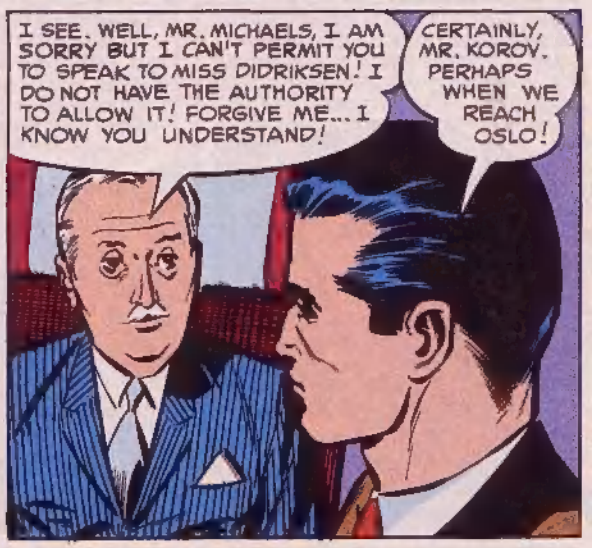






THE NEXT DAY FINDS KEITH ABOARD AN AIRLINER AS IT SPANS THE ATLANTIC ON ITS WAY TO NORWAY...



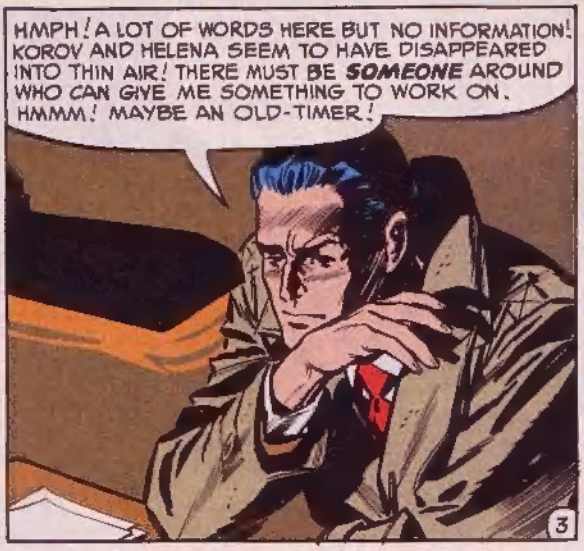


MANY HOURS LATER, THE HUGE PLANE LANDS AT OSLO AIRPORT...

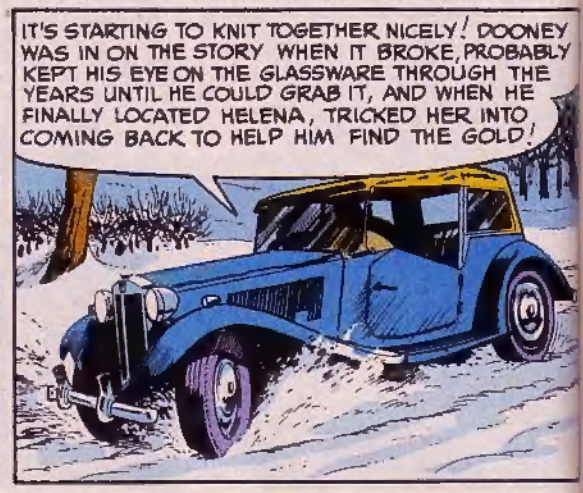
THE PASSENGERS ARE HUSTLED BRISKLY BUT EFFICIENTLY THROUGH CUSTOMS. KEITH COMPLETES THE NECESSARY ROUTINE IN TIME TO SEE HIS QUARRY DRIVE OFF IN A PRIVATE CAR...

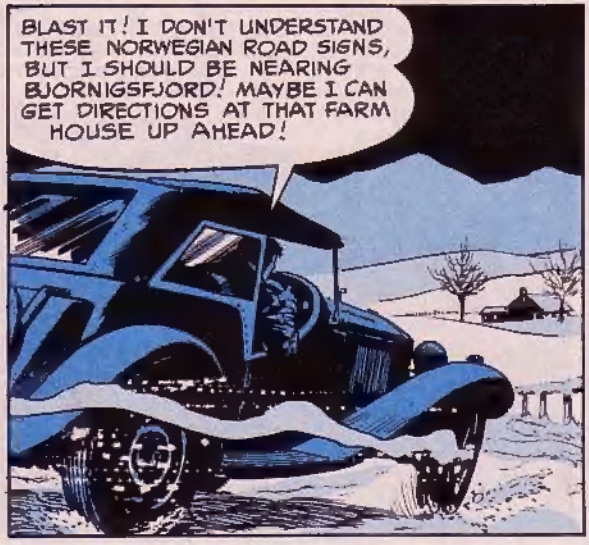
...AND AFTER CHECKING IN AT A HOTEL HE VISITS THE NORWEGIAN STATE DEPARTMENT...

AFTER SUCCESSIVE VISITS TO THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AND THE POLICE PROVE FUTILE, KEITH GOES TO THE OSLO BRANCH OF THE WORLD PRESS NEWS SERVICE...



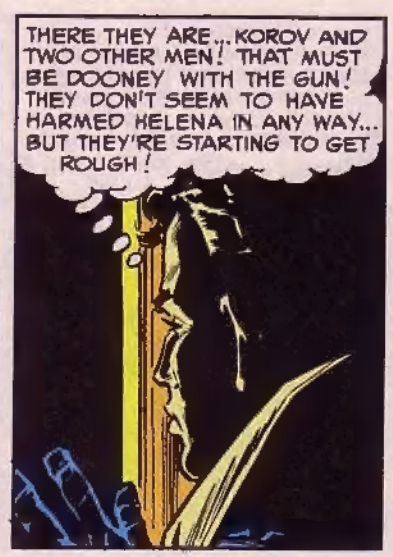
LATER, IN A RENTED CAR, KEITH SPEEDS DANGEROUSLY ALONG NARROW, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN ROADS...





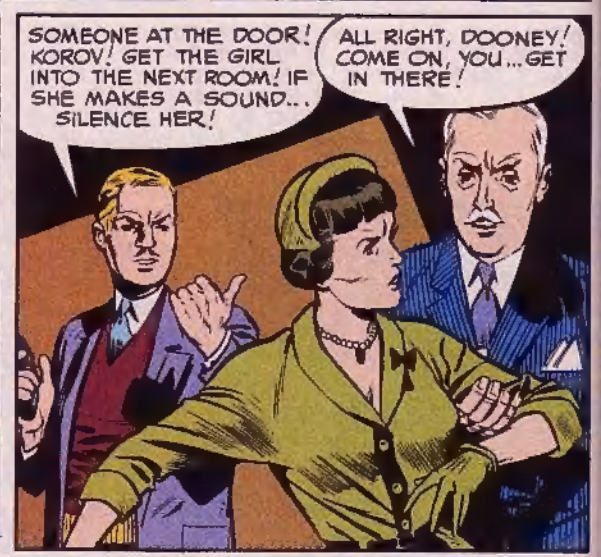
YOU...YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?!
UH-HUH! I WORKED AT THE CONSULATE IN OSLO! YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD-LOOKING DOLL AT BJORNIGSFJORD TO WANT TO GET THERE SO BAD!
YOU'RE JUMPING TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION, BUT IT IS IMPORTANT THAT I GET THERE!
MY NAME IS ERICA! WHY DON'T YOU STAY AWHILE, YANK? IT'S SO LONELY LIVING HERE... ALL ALONE!
LOOK, HONEY, I APPRECIATE YOUR TROUBLES, BUT I HAVE TO GET TO BJORNIGSFJORD!
OKAY, OKAY... BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE WAY! I'D BETTER GO WITH YOU!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN'T TAKE YOU! IT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS!
LISTEN, BABY! IF YOU GO ALONE, YOU'LL MISS ONE OF THE TURN-OFFS! BESIDES, I'M DYING FOR A LITTLE EXCITEMENT... AND I DON'T WANT TO LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR A MOMENT! WAIT FOR ME... I'LL GET DRESSED!
AN HOUR LATER, THE CAR SKIDS TO A HALT...
THAT'S BJORNIGSFJORD OVER THERE? I THOUGHT IT WAS A CITY OR A TOWN!
NO, IT'S ONLY A FARM. IT WAS OWNED BY A TRAITOR DURING THE WAR!
OKAY, ERICA... YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO HELP, SO I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE! STILL WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT?
SAY THE WORD, HONEY... JUST SAY THE WORD.
MOMENTS LATER, KEITH CAUTIOUSLY MOVES THROUGH THE SNOW TO THE REAR OF THE FARM-HOUSE...
...SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO GET IN ONE OF THESE WINDOWS. THE WIND IS MAKING ENOUGH NOISE TO KEEP ANYONE FROM HEARING ME...

SO FAR SO GOOD! I CAN HEAR THEIR VOICES UP FRONT!


THERE THEY ARE... KOROV AND TWO OTHER MEN! THAT MUST BE DOONEY WITH THE GUN! THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HARMED HELENA IN ANY WAY... BUT THEY'RE STARTING TO GET ROUGH!

I TELL YOU I CAN'T REMEMBER THE CODE! IT'S BEEN SO LONG A TIME...
STOP STALLING! I WANT THE LOCATION OF THAT GOLD AND I WANT IT NOW!

YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN ME! IF YOU HARM ME YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE GOLD!
THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO MAKE YOU REMEMBER... AND NONE OF THEM ARE PLEASANT! YOU'D... WHAT'S THAT?
KNOCK KNOCK


SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! KOROV! GET THE GIRL INTO THE NEXT ROOM! IF SHE MAKES A SOUND... SILENCE HER!
ALL RIGHT, DOONEY! COME ON, YOU... GET IN THERE!

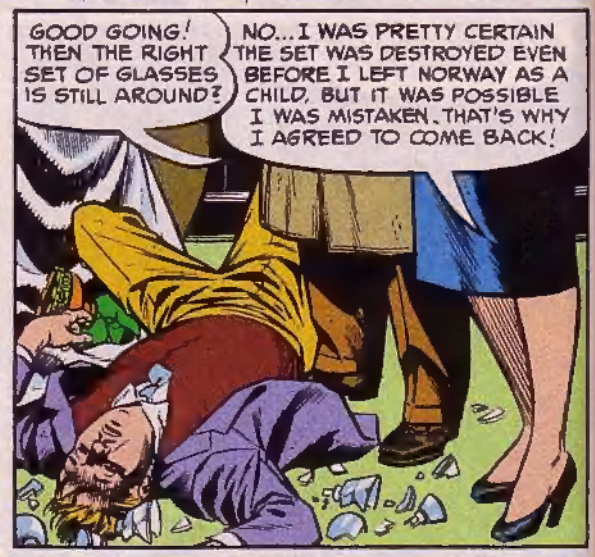
SIT QUIETLY, MISS DIDRIKSEN, AND YOU WON'T BE HURT! IT WOULD BE EASY TO KILL WHOEVER'S AT THE DOOR, SO DON'T TRY TO SIGNAL THEM!

YES? WHAT IS IT?
PARDON ME, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY WAY! COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO OSLO?

WHILE ERICA OCCUPIES DOONEY'S ATTENTION, KEITH QUIETLY SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE LISTENING KOROV...
WHAT'S THAT?! JAN! SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THERE! MAYBE IT'S A TRAP! STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MISS!
THEY HEARD! GET OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW! HURRY! I'LL COVER YOU!
EY! SHE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! STOP!
CRACK!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU LITTLE SHE-CAT!
LOOK OUT, ERICA! I'LL TAKE HIM!
WHACK!

WHEW! THANKS, ERICA! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
I COULDN'T LET HIM KILL YOU, COULD I? AFTER I JUST MET YOU?

DOONEY AND HIS MEN WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE NOW! I TOLD THE POLICE THE WHOLE SET-UP BEFORE I LEFT OSLO! THEY'LL BE HERE SOON! BUT I'M SORRY THE GLASSWARE WAS SMASHED!
DON'T WORRY. IT WASN'T THE RIGHT SET, ANYWAY! BUT IF I TOLD THEM, I'D HAVE BEEN KILLED IMMEDIATELY!


GOOD GOING! THEN THE RIGHT SET OF GLASSES IS STILL AROUND?
NO... I WAS PRETTY CERTAIN THE SET WAS DESTROYED EVEN BEFORE I LEFT NORWAY AS A CHILD, BUT IT WAS POSSIBLE I WAS MISTAKEN. THAT'S WHY I AGREED TO COME BACK!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! IF THERE WAS A SET OF GLASSES AROUND, THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT WOULD HAVE KNOWN OF IT BY THIS TIME!
WELL, IT'S OVER NOW. WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT ... AND BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED... ON OUR WAY BACK HOME!

... THAT IS, IF HE DECIDES TO GO HOME. HMMM??
THE END

IN THE TYRRHENIAN SEA... BETWEEN SICILY AND ITALY... LIES A TINY ISLAND... THE NORTHERNMOST MEMBER OF THE LIPARIS... NEXT TO ITS NAME ON A MAP YOU'LL FIND A NOTATION THAT THE ISLAND IS VOLCANIC...

STROMBOLI!

ALL RIGHT, GENTS... IS EVERYBODY HERE? WE'RE READY TO GO!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE'S THE WORLD PRESS MAN... YOU KNOW? THAT BIG PHOTOG!

OFFICIAL PRESS BO FOR DISASTE

JOHN SEVERIN

OH... YOU MEAN BIG STEVE RAMPART... HE'S GONE ON AHEAD! HE CHARTERED A PLANE!

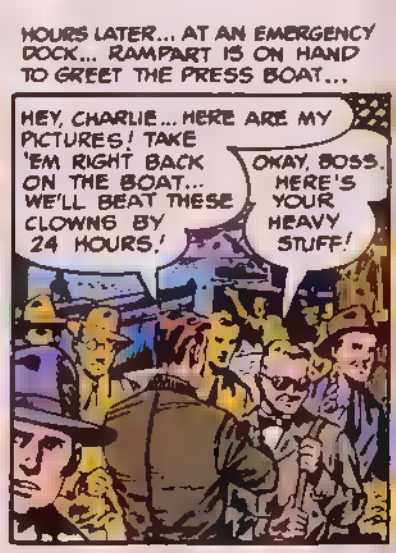
YEAH... THE CRAZY GALOOT... TRUST RAMPART TO PULL ONE LIKE THAT! HE'S A CRAZY GUY!

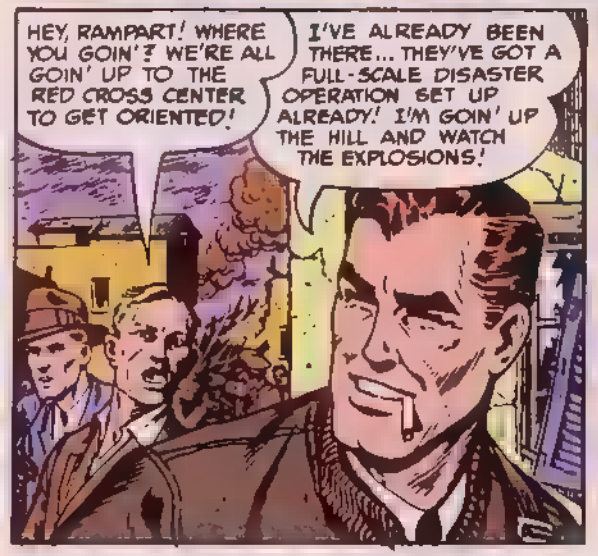
CRAZY IS RIGHT... HE'S GOT NO PLACE TO LAND ON STROMBOLI! NOW... I'M NO DOPE! I CHECKED ON IT!

LAND? YOU DON'T THINK RAMPART WOULD DO ANYTHING NORMAL LIKE *LAND* IN A PLANE? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

MEANWHILE...
HOT DAWG! SOME SHOT!

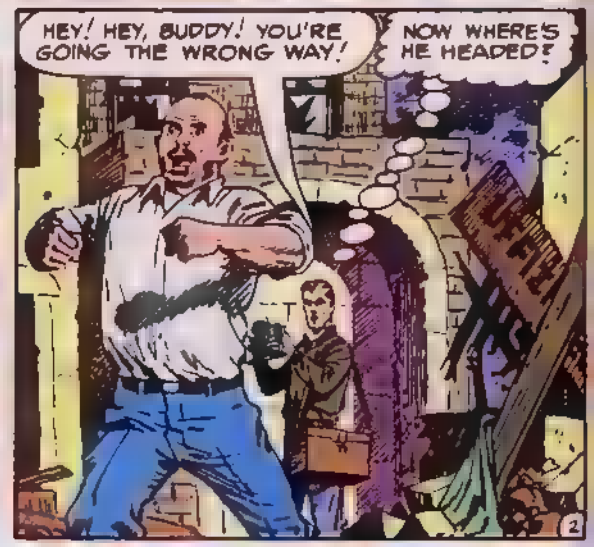
HUMPH! I'D BETTER STOP SHOOTIN' PICTURES AND WORK ON THESE SHROUD LINES... OR I'M GOIN' TO MISS THAT ISLAND ALTOGETHER!

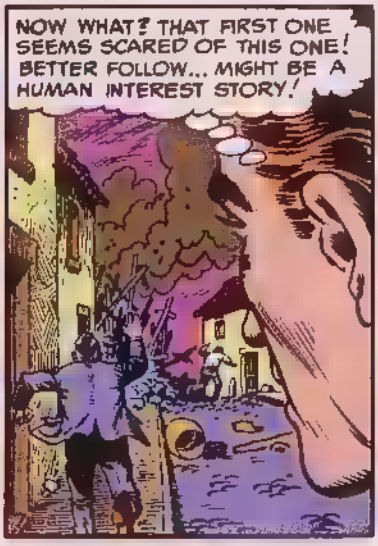

HOURS LATER... AT AN EMERGENCY DOCK... RAMPART IS ON HAND TO GREET THE PRESS BOAT...
HEY, CHARLIE... HERE ARE MY PICTURES! TAKE 'EM RIGHT BACK ON THE BOAT... WE'LL BEAT THESE CLOWNS BY 24 HOURS!
OKAY, BOSS. HERE'S YOUR HEAVY STUFF!

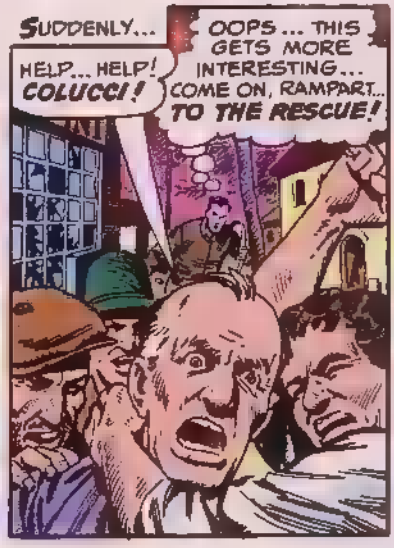

HEY, RAMPART! WHERE YOU GOIN'? WE'RE ALL GOIN' UP TO THE RED CROSS CENTER TO GET ORIENTED!
I'VE ALREADY BEEN THERE... THEY'VE GOT A FULL-SCALE DISASTER OPERATION SET UP ALREADY! I'M GOIN' UP THE HILL AND WATCH THE EXPLOSIONS!

DOVE VA ELLA, SIGNOR? RITORNO!
HUH? OH! BAD, IS IT?

BOY HOWDY! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANTHING TO MATCH THIS SINCE THE AIR RAIDS! LOOKS LIKE THIS IS ABOUT AS FAR AS I CAN GO!


HEY! HEY, BUDDY! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!
NOW WHERE'S HE HEADED?



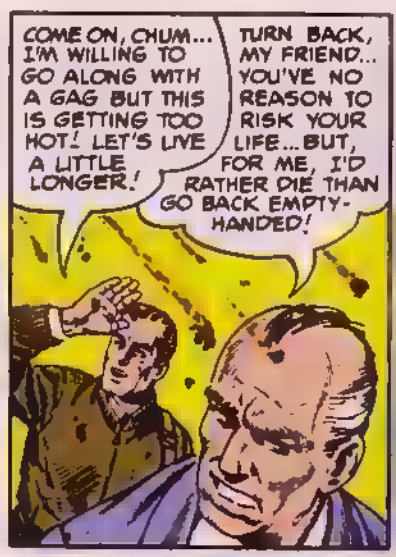


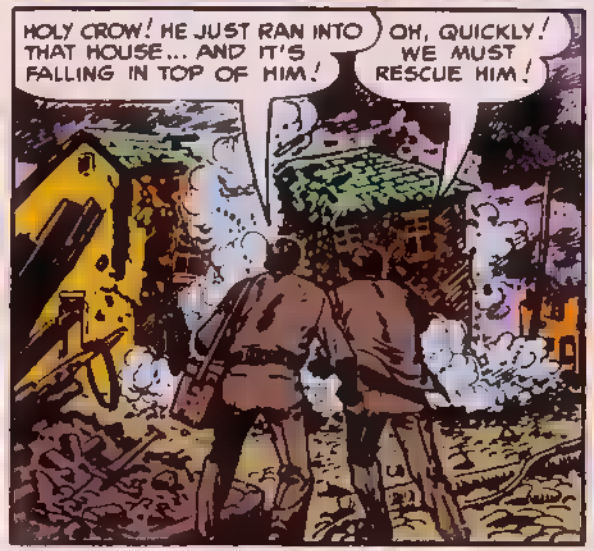
THE THREE THUGS SCATTER BEFORE STEVE'S BLOCKBUSTING ONSLAUGHT... THEN THEY REGROUP AND, SUDDENLY, THEY CHARGE!

THE TRIO TAKES TO ITS HEELS!

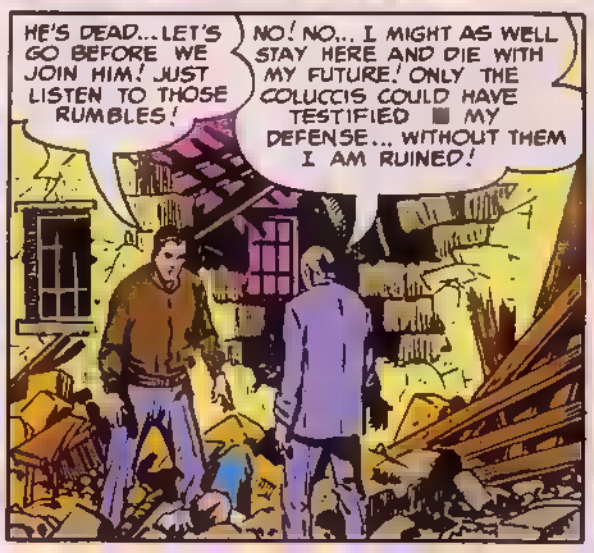
YOU'RE AMERICAN, AREN'T YOU?
YES...YES, I AM! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR HELP... BUT, NOW I MUST GO AFTER COLUCCI AGAIN!

LOOK... YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE! THAT VOLCANO IS THROWING BOMB ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE!
I MUST! ONLY COLUCCI AND HIS WIFE CAN PROVE ME INNOCENT OF A TERRIBLE CRIME THAT I'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF!

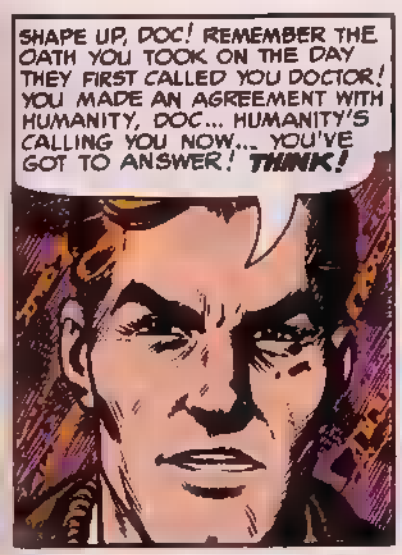

COME ON, CHUM... I'M WILLING TO GO ALONG WITH A GAG BUT THIS IS GETTING TOO HOT! LET'S LIVE A LITTLE LONGER!
TURN BACK, MY FRIEND... YOU'VE NO REASON TO RISK YOUR LIFE... BUT, FOR ME, I'D RATHER DIE THAN GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED!


HOLY CROW! HE JUST RAN INTO THAT HOUSE... AND IT'S FALLING IN TOP OF HIM!
OH, QUICKLY! WE MUST RESCUE HIM!

HE'S MAD IT... I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE!
NO... NO, HE CAN'T BE! I AM A DOCTOR... PERHAPS I CAN SAVE HIM!
CARISSIMA! MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE! SHE IS LOST INSIDE!


HE'S DEAD... LET'S GO BEFORE WE JOIN HIM! JUST LISTEN TO THOSE RUMBLES!
NO! NO... I MIGHT AS WELL STAY HERE AND DIE WITH MY FUTURE! ONLY THE COLUCCIS COULD HAVE TESTIFIED IN MY DEFENSE... WITHOUT THEM I AM RUINED!

DON'T BE NUTS, DOC! THEY NEED YOU DOWN BELOW... THEY'RE SHORT OF MEDICS! THERE ARE PEOPLE DYING ON THIS ISLAND TORCH... YOU COULD HELP THEM LIVE ... COME!
NO... NO... I CAN'T GO BACK! I AM FINISHED ... LET ME ALONE!

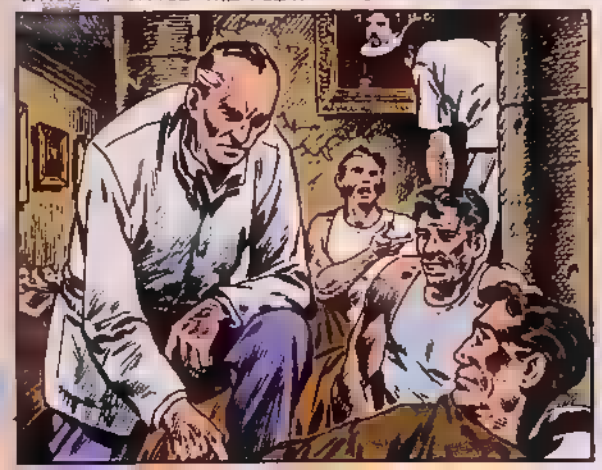

SHAPE UP, DOC! REMEMBER THE OATH YOU TOOK ON THE DAY THEY FIRST CALLED YOU DOCTOR! YOU MADE AN AGREEMENT WITH HUMANITY, DOC... HUMANITY'S CALLING YOU NOW... YOU'VE GOT TO ANSWER! THINK!

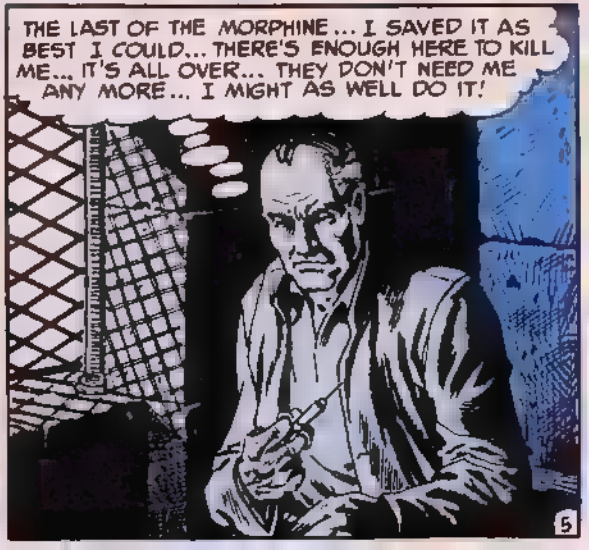
"I WILL USE TREATMENT TO HELP THE SICK ACCORDING TO MY ABILITY AND JUDGEMENT...
ALL RIGHT, RAMPART... I'LL GO!

LATER...
HERE'S THE MOST ADVANCED OF THEIR AID STATIONS...THEY'RE SHORT HANDED... YOU CAN PITCH RIGHT IN!

WITHOUT QUESTION, THE AID STATION ACCEPTS RAMPART AND THE DOCTOR... THE NEED IS GREAT...AND, SO, FOR HOURS THEY WORK SIDE BY SIDE...ALMOST WORDLESSLY!

AND THE NIGHT COMES...AND THE ENDLESS FLOW OF THE HURT AND DYING GOES ON... AND THERE IS TIME ONLY TO SNATCH COFFEE AND A CIGARETTE HERE AND THERE!


AND THE DAY FOLLOWS THE NIGHT... AND STRUGGLING ON THE BLEAK EDGE OF EXHAUSTION THEY GO ON...UNTIL LITTLE BY LITTLE THE FLOW TAPERS OFF... REST...


THE LAST OF THE MORPHINE... I SAVED IT AS BEST I COULD... THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO KILL ME... IT'S ALL OVER... THEY DON'T NEED ME ANY MORE... I MIGHT AS WELL DO IT!

SUDDENLY...

HEY, DOC... HERE'S ONE MORE! THEY JUST BROUGHT HER DOWN FROM HIGH ON THE MOUNTAINS... SHE'S IN BAD SHAPE!

SHE WAS PINNED IN THE WRECKAGE OF A HOUSE FOR TWO DAYS!

SHE HASN'T A CHANCE!

SHE'S IN PAIN ... BUT I CAN'T GIVE HER THE LAST OF MY MORPHINE!

"IN WHATSOEVER HOUSES I ENTER, I WILL ENTER TO HELP THE SICK!"

OKAY... THE CHANCE IS ONE [redacted] A THOUSAND... BUT WE'LL OPERATE!

SPONGES... MORE SPONGES!

HOW IS SHE?

STILL ALIVE... IT'S A MIRACLE... BUT TEMPORARY!

WELL?

THE NEXT 12 HOURS WILL TELL THE STORY... WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH HER! IT WAS A GOOD OPERATION.. I WAS GOOD... ALMOST LIKE GOD WAS GUIDING MY HAND!

THROUGH ANOTHER LONG NIGHT...

WHY DON'T I DO IT NOW? IF SHE NEEDS MORE HELP, SOMEONE ELSE CAN GIVE IT TO HER.. NO... THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT HER... I MUST WAIT AND SEE IF SHE LIVES... IT WAS ALMOST AS IF I HAD GUIDANCE!

LATER ...

STRONG! STRONG! SHE MADE IT, RAMPART! TELL ME ... HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHO SHE IS?

BRACE YOURSELF, DOC... HER NAME IS COLUCCI... CARISSIMA COLUCCI!

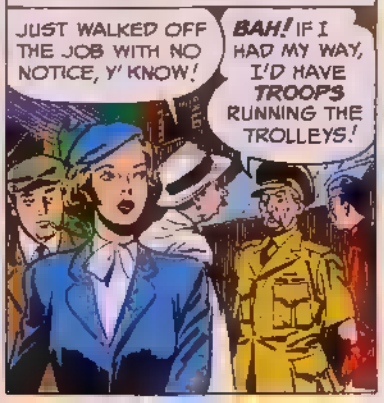
COLUCCI!!

HIPPOCRATES ALSO SAID:-"HEALING IS A MATTER OF TIME, BUT IT IS SOMETIMES ALSO A MATTER OF OPPORTUNITY."

HONG KONG!

HONG KONG...THE SENSITIVE CROWN COLONY POISED ON THE PERIMETER OF THE BAMBOO CURTAIN, WITH A TEEMING POPULATION OF ALMOST 2,000,000! HERE, EAST AND WEST MEET...

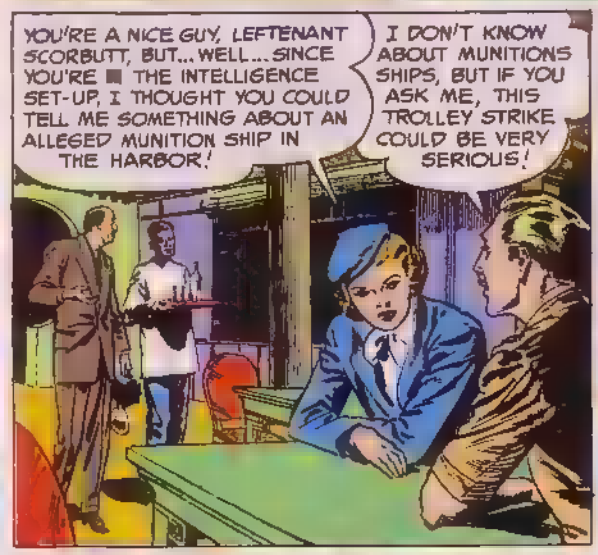
A SUDDEN TROLLEY STRIKE WAS BEING TAKEN ■ HONG KONG'S STRIDE. OUTWARDLY, GERI HAMILTON'S PRETTY NOSE DIDN'T LOOK IT, BUT IT **WAS** A NOSE FOR NEWS. SHE LISTENED...



DAGGER, BE A GOOD GUY AND SEE IF YOU CAN ROUND UP A FEW DRINKS, WILL YOU, PLEASE?
I WILL, IF I CAN FIND A WAITER WHO SPEAKS ENGLISH!

WE CALL HIM DAGGER BECAUSE HE'S BEEN IN THE CAMERA GAME EVER SINCE THEY INVENTED THE DAGUERROTYPE!
IF I MAY SAY SO, I HOPE HE TAKES HIS TIME GETTING OUR DRINKS!

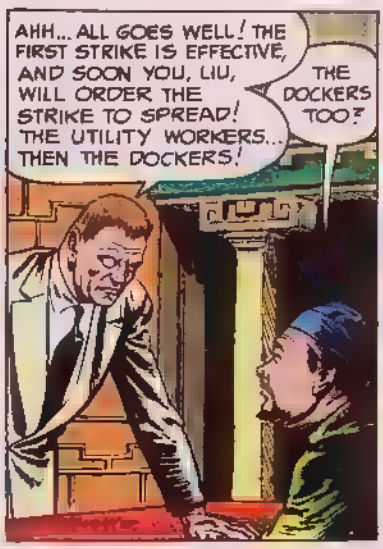
ACTUALLY, I'M NOT THE OUTSPOKEN TYPE... BUT YOU'RE REALLY VERY ATTRACTIVE! IF YOU...
THANKS, BUT NO THANKS!

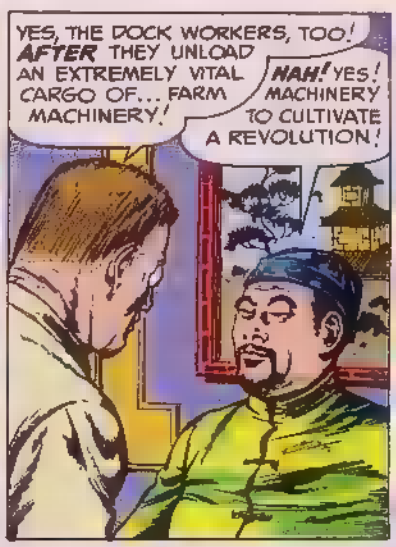

YOU'RE A NICE GUY, LEFTENANT SCORBUTT, BUT... WELL... SINCE YOU'RE ■ THE INTELLIGENCE SET-UP, I THOUGHT YOU COULD TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT AN ALLEGED MUNITION SHIP IN THE HARBOR!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MUNITIONS SHIPS, BUT IF YOU ASK ME, THIS TROLLEY STRIKE COULD BE VERY SERIOUS!

SERIOUS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I'M BACK! I GOT THE DRINKS!
SO I SEE! MISS HAMILTON, HONG KONG IS A FRIGHTFULLY STRATEGIC BASTION! IF THIS STRIKE WERE TO SPREAD AND PARALYZE THE PORT, WE'D BE FROZEN OUT!

SO? THE WESTERNERS SPEAK OF US! MANY PEOPLE DO! WHAT OF IT!
IT IS AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER COUPLE! THEY TALK WITH THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE MAN!
IT WOULD BE WISE TO BRING THEM HERE! TO PROVE YOU ARE HIDING NOTHING!

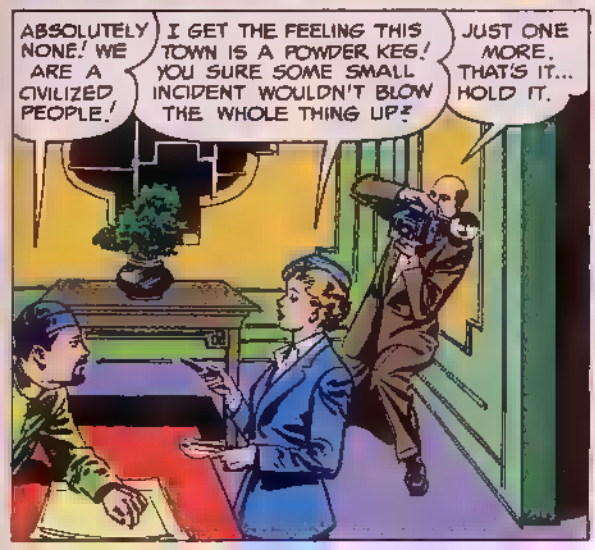
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY COLONEL! I SHALL GRANT AN INTERVIEW!
GO, CHU! YOU HAVE DONE WELL!

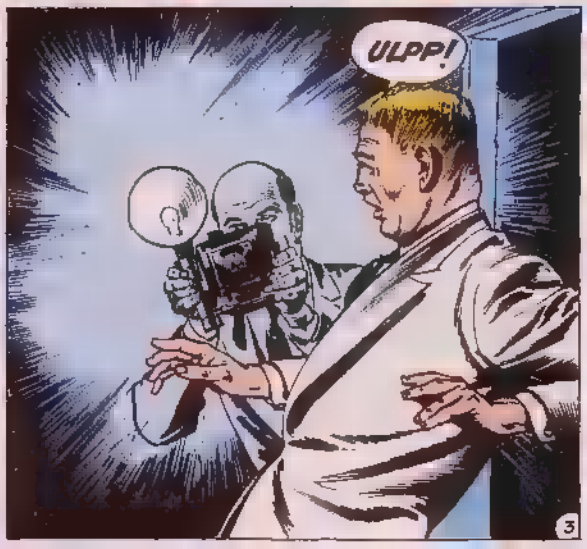

AHH... ALL GOES WELL! THE FIRST STRIKE IS EFFECTIVE, AND SOON YOU, LIU, WILL ORDER THE STRIKE TO SPREAD! THE UTILITY WORKERS... THEN THE DOCKERS!
THE DOCKERS TOO?

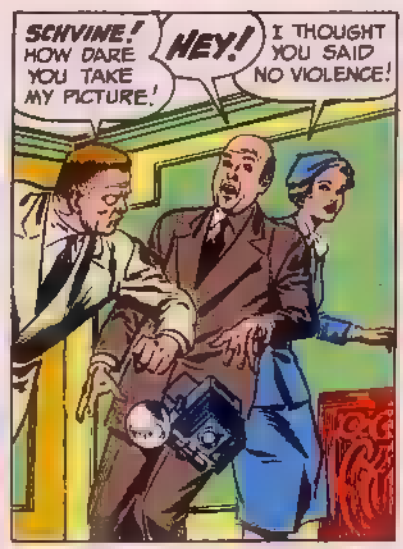

YES, THE DOCK WORKERS, TOO! AFTER THEY UNLOAD AN EXTREMELY VITAL CARGO OF... FARM MACHINERY!
NAH! YES! MACHINERY TO CULTIVATE A REVOLUTION!

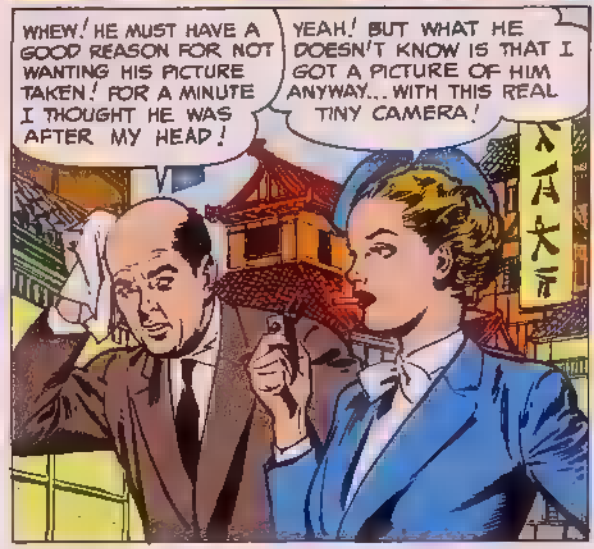
PRECISELY! BUT FIRST, I MUST RESTRAIN ONE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WHO SEEMS TO BE AWARE OF OUR PLANS! WE WILL HOLD HIM UNTIL THE FREIGHTER IS UNLOADED, THEN...
KIKKCH!

IN REPLY TO LIU'S REQUEST, GERI AND DAGGER GO TO HIS OFFICE THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
...AND SO YOU SEE, MISS HAMILTON, IT IS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT THAN A STRIKE ■ YOUR COUNTRY! THE WORKERS MERELY NEED MORE MONEY!
HOLD IT, PLEASE.
THEN THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY OF VIOLENCE?

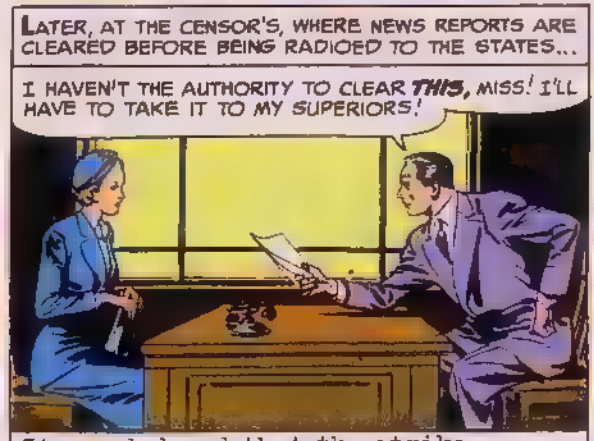

ABSOLUTELY NONE! WE ARE A CIVILIZED PEOPLE!
I GET THE FEELING THIS TOWN IS A POWDER KEG! YOU SURE SOME SMALL INCIDENT WOULDN'T BLOW THE WHOLE THING UP?
JUST ONE MORE. THAT'S IT... HOLD IT.


ULPP!





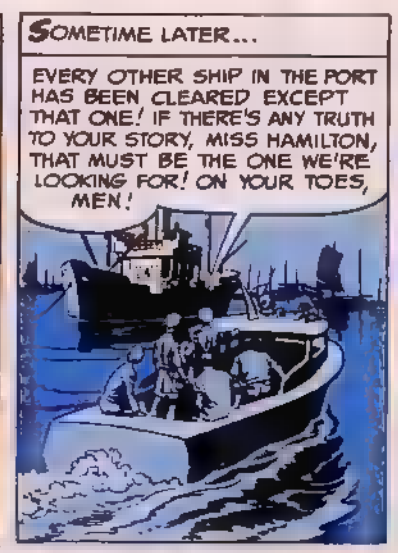
Hong Kong, March 9--Government and labor officials today expressed confidence that no violence would come of the day-old walkout of Hong Kong transit workers. However, this correspondent learned that beneath the calm exterior, a pot of international intrigue is boiling.



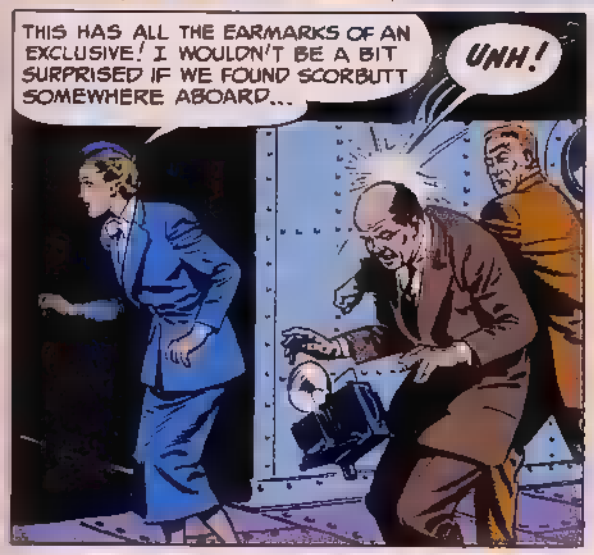
It was deduced that the strike, started in good faith, was being used as a lever to soon pry the government out of the city.

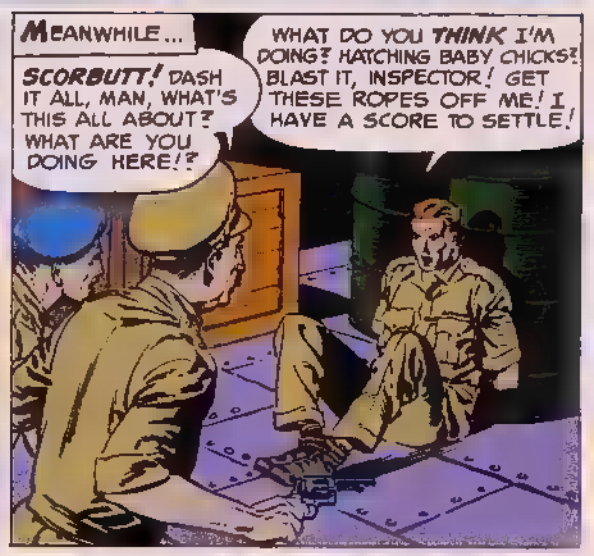
It is believed that a gigantic cargo of arms is aboard a foreign freighter lying in Hong Kong harbor waiting to unload when the time is right.

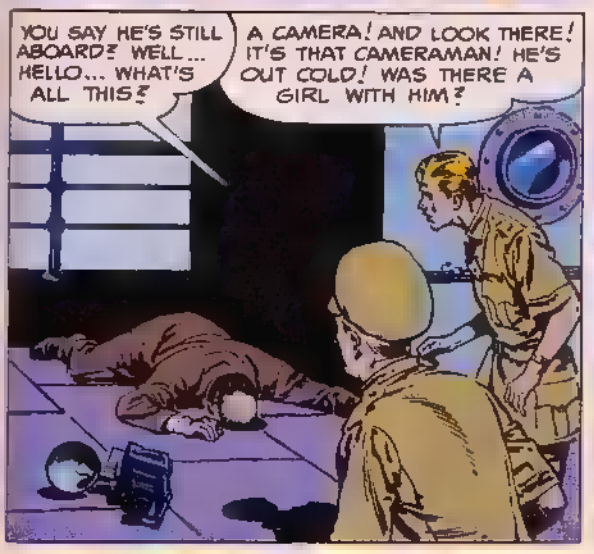
CLAMP A MILITARY CURFEW ON THE COLONY! SEARCH THE HARBOR! INSPECT EVERY CARGO OF EVERY SHIP!
RIGHTO!

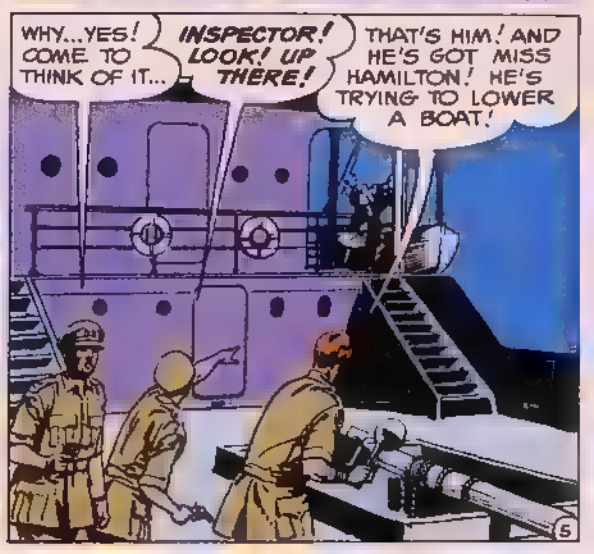

SOMETIME LATER...
EVERY OTHER SHIP IN THE PORT HAS BEEN CLEARED EXCEPT THAT ONE! IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO YOUR STORY, MISS HAMILTON, THAT MUST BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR! ON YOUR TOES, MEN!

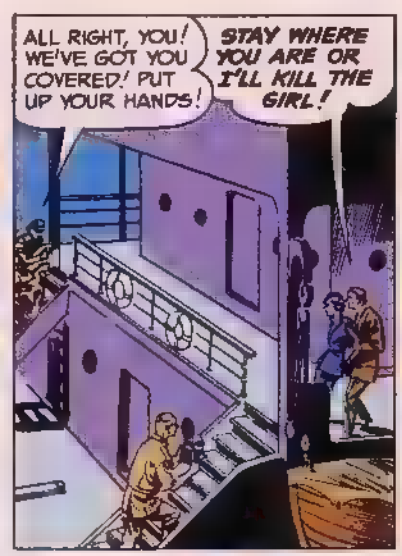
HMP! NO ONE ABOARD! SPREAD OUT, MEN! COMB THIS TUB FROM STEM TO STERN! AND BE CAREFUL!
COME ON, DAGGER!

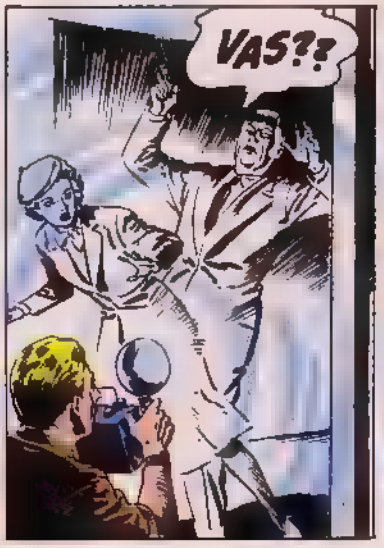

THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF AN EXCLUSIVE! I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF WE FOUND SCORBUTT SOMEWHERE ABOARD...
UNH!

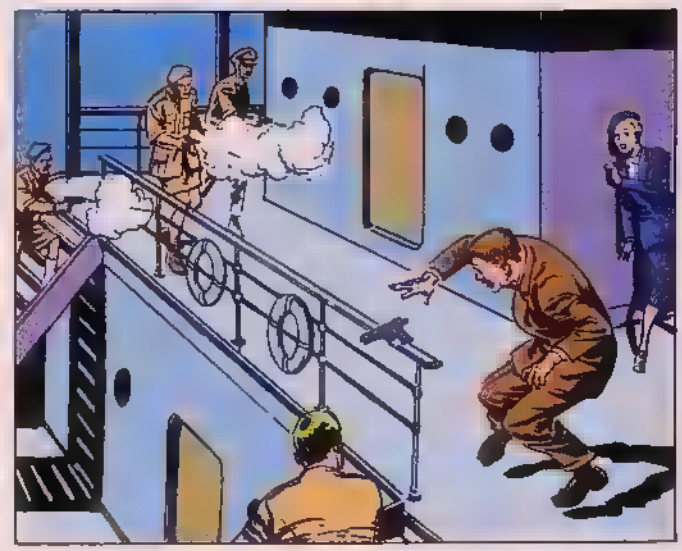

MEANWHILE...
SCORBUTT! DASH IT ALL, MAN, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING? HATCHING BABY CHICKS? BLAST IT, INSPECTOR! GET THESE ROPES OFF ME! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE!

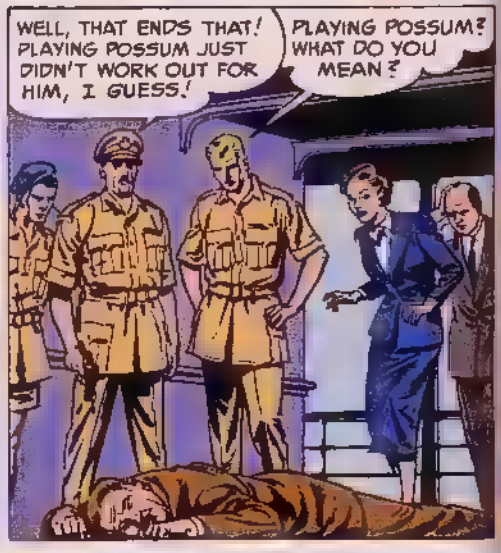

YOU SAY HE'S STILL ABOARD? WELL... HELLO... WHAT'S ALL THIS?
A CAMERA! AND LOOK THERE! IT'S THAT CAMERAMAN! HE'S OUT COLD! WAS THERE A GIRL WITH HIM?


WHY...YES! COME TO THINK OF IT...
INSPECTOR! LOOK! UP THERE!
THAT'S HIM! AND HE'S GOT MISS HAMILTON! HE'S TRYING TO LOWER A BOAT!

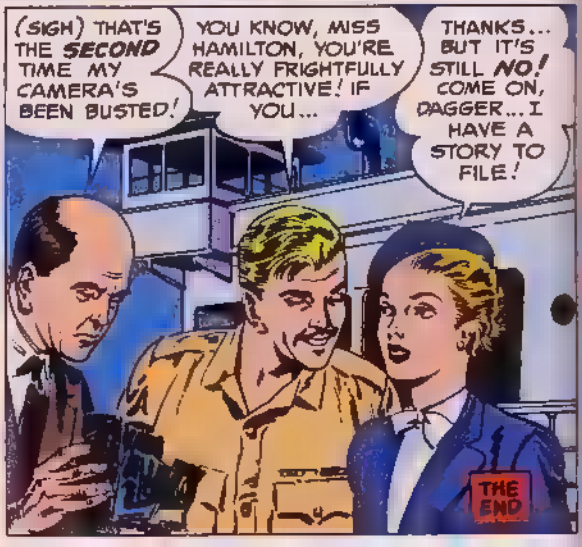

ALL RIGHT, YOU! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL KILL THE GIRL!


VAS??

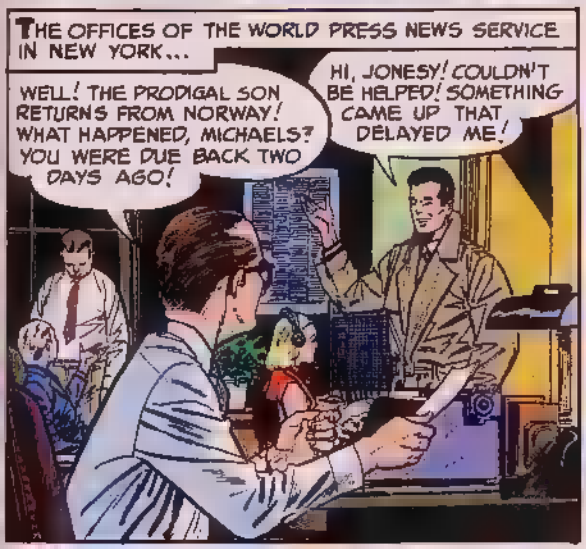


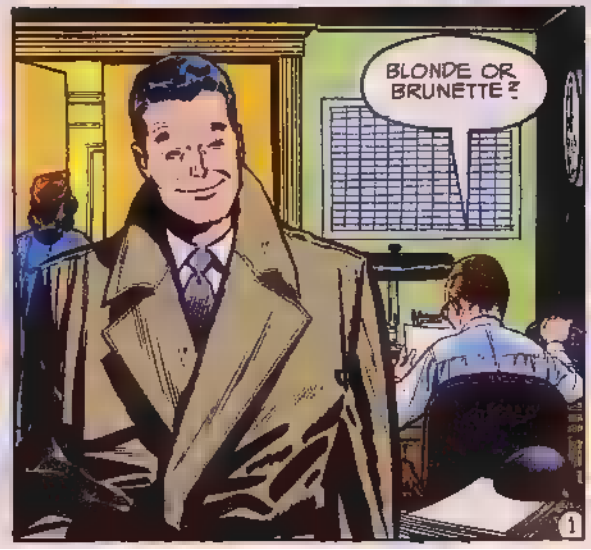

WELL, THAT ENDS THAT! PLAYING POSSUM JUST DIDN'T WORK OUT FOR HIM, I GUESS!
PLAYING POSSUM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE SEEN OUR PATROL BOATS SEARCHING OTHER SHIPS! YET, HE DECIDED TO SIT IT OUT, RATHER THAN HEAD OUT TO SEA!
OH, NO! ACTUALLY, HE HAD NO CHOICE! YOU SEE, ALL HIS SHIP-HANDS SUDDENLY WENT ON STRIKE AND REFUSED TO WORK!


(SIGH) THAT'S THE SECOND TIME MY CAMERA'S BEEN BUSTED!
YOU KNOW, MISS HAMILTON, YOU'RE REALLY FRIGHTFULLY ATTRACTIVE! IF YOU...
THANKS... BUT IT'S STILL NO! COME ON, DAGGER... I HAVE A STORY TO FILE!
THE END

DATELINE: NEW YORK CITY





HI, MAC! SORRY I COULDN'T GET ■ SOONER, BUT TODAY'S PLANE CONNECTIONS...
YEAH, YEAH! I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE! WELL, THANKS TO YOUR BEING LATE, VICKY'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!
VICKY!? I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S UP?
YESTERDAY, RALPH BARNES, EDITOR OF THE GOTHAM NEWS, WAS SHOT! THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE OFFICE SO I PUT VICKY ON IT!
BUT SHE'S NOT A REPORTER! SHE'S MY SECRETARY!
I KNOW THAT! I TOLD YOU THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE IN THE OFFICE, AND THE STORY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, SO WHEN SHE ASKED TO GO, I SAID OKAY!
ANYWAY, SHE CHECKED AND FOUND THAT BARNES HAD RECEIVED A THREATENING LETTER SIGNED BY A CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE PENGUIN!
THE PENGUIN? SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF DICK TRACY!
SURE... AND BARNES IS IN THE HOSPITAL! VICKY REALLY DUG IN ON THIS! THIS PENGUIN IS REALLY WILLIE JAFFE, WHO USED TO RUN THE PENGUIN CLUB WHICH WAS A SPEAKEASY FOR THE TUXEDO CROWD DURING PROHIBITION!
SHE FOUND OUT HE'S JUST BEEN RELEASED FROM A MENTAL INSTITUTION AND THAT THE EDITOR BARNES HAS BEEN RUNNING SOME EDITORIALS ABOUT CONDEMNING SOME OLD BUILDINGS ON THE EAST SIDE!
...AND ONE OF THE BUILDINGS HOUSED THE PENGUIN CLUB?
YOU HIT IT, KEITH! AFTER VICKY GOT ALL THE INFO TOGETHER SHE RAN DOWN TO THE PENGUIN CLUB TO SEE IF JAFFE WAS HIDING OUT THERE! WELL, HE WAS! SHE TIPPED OFF THE POLICE FROM A NEIGHBORHOOD PHONE BOOTH! SHE WANTED TO BE IN ON THE WIND-UP!
2

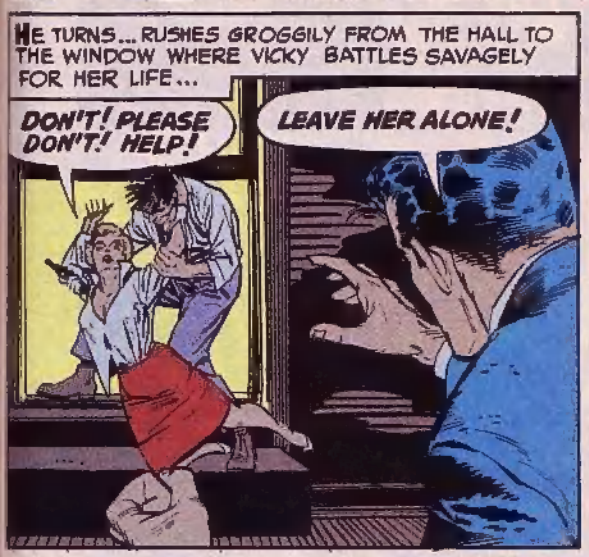
BUT SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE! A FEW MINUTES AGO WE GOT A CALL THAT THIS PSYCHO HAS HER TRAPPED IN THE BUILDING...AND HE'S USING HER AS A SHIELD! HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?!
A HALF-HOUR LATER...
YEAH, SURE... I REMEMBER YOU, MICHAELS! HE'S GOT THE GIRL WITH HIM ON THE TOP FLOOR! SAYS HE'S GOING TO JUMP AND HE'LL KILL THE GIRL IF WE TRY TO BRING UP THE NET!
I'VE A DOZEN MEN INSIDE THE BUILDING, BUT WE CAN'T MAKE A MOVE BECAUSE OF THE GIRL! JUST HAVE TO SWEAT IT OUT!
MAYBE YOU CAN WAIT... BUT I CAN'T!
KEITH ENTERS A SMALLER BUILDING BESIDE THE ONE IN WHICH VICKY IS HELD CAPTIVE, AND EMERGES ON THE ROOF...
I SPOTTED THAT LADDER FROM THE STREET! LONG JUMP... BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!... ONLY CHANCE...
A DESPERATE EFFORT! STEEL MUSCLES UNCOIL LIKE A WHIP AS KEITH LEAPS ACROSS THE CHASM BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS!
HE MAKES IT!
A MOMENT TO CATCH HIS BREATH AND THEN HE CLAMBERS SWIFTLY UP THE LADDER TO THE ROOF! QUIETLY, HE TRIES TO OPEN A SKYLIGHT...
LOCKED! BLAST IT! ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IN, NOW!
3

WHO'S THERE!? DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT!!
DON'T BE A FOOL, JAFFE! YOU WON'T GAIN ANYTHING BY KILLING THE GIRL AND ME! USE YOUR HEAD! THE POLICE WILL BE UP THE STAIRS AS SOON AS YOU FIRE!
OH, NO THEY WON'T! THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE TOP FLOOR COLLAPSED YEARS AGO! I PULLED THE LADDER UP AFTER ME!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH! SMELL THAT? IT'S KEROSENE! THE WHOLE FIRST FLOOR IS SOAKED IN IT! WHEN I DROP THIS TORCH DOWN THE STAIRWELL, THE BUILDING WILL GO UP LIKE A MATCHBOX! THE POLICE WILL BE TRAPPED ON THE STAIRS! HEH! THEY'LL DIE! NOW STAY BACK!
4

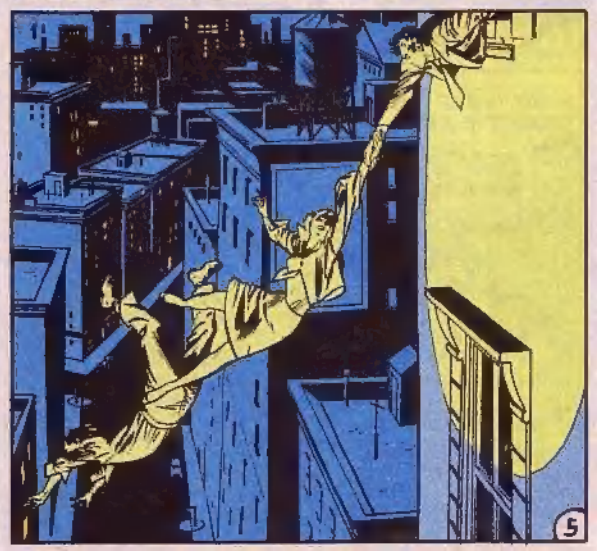
CLINGING WEAKLY TO THE RAILING, KEITH DIMLY HEARS A FURIOUS ROAR FROM BELOW, MINGLED WITH THE CRIES OF THE MEN ON THE STAIRS! THE KEROSENE HAS IGNITED!
VROOOM!

AND THEN, THROUGH THE CHAOS OF SHOUTS AND SMOKE, HE HEARS A SHARP, PIERCING SCREAM...
KEITH! STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM DO IT! HELP ME!
STOP FIGHTING! WE WON'T BURN! WE'LL DIE QUICKLY!

KEITH FORCES HIMSELF TO MOVE... TO THINK! HE GRASPS THE HUGE LADDER, LIFTS IT TO THE RAILING AND SHOVES IT OVER!


HE TURNS... RUSHES GROGGILY FROM THE HALL TO THE WINDOW WHERE VICKY BATTLES SAVAGELY FOR HER LIFE...
DON'T! PLEASE DON'T! HELP!
LEAVE HER ALONE!

BLAM! BLAM!

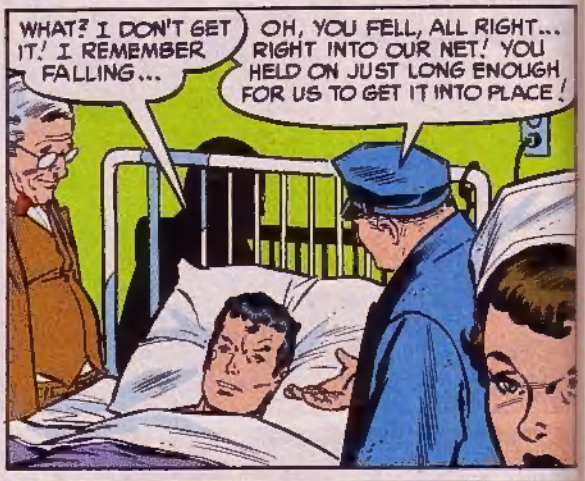


HOLD ME, KEITH! DON'T LET ME GO!

THE MOMENTS TICK SLOWLY BY. THROUGH A HAZY VEIL THE SOUNDS OF THE SCREAMING CROWD BELOW REACH HIS EARS, THE SEARCH-LIGHTS BLIND HIS EYES! SEARING BOLTS OF PAIN DEADEN HIS GRIP...
CLIMB, VICKY!... CAN'T HOLD YOU... ARM... GETTING NUMB! I'M...I'M PASSING...OUT...

BLOOD THUNDERS IN HIS EARS, A CLOUD OF SILENT BLACKNESS SETTLES OVER HIM. HE FEELS HIMSELF FALLING...

THE DARKNESS IS LONG... PEACEFUL...SAFE. BUT THEN SOUND DRIFTS THROUGH TO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE DARKNESS FADES TO REVEAL SHAPES... PEOPLE...
WHA...? I... PASSED OUT... VICKY! IS SHE...?
SHE'S FINE, KEITH! NOT HURT AT ALL! SHE'S BEEN BACK ON THE JOB FOR HOURS!


WHAT? I DON'T GET IT! I REMEMBER FALLING...
OH, YOU FELL, ALL RIGHT... RIGHT INTO OUR NET! YOU HELD ON JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET IT INTO PLACE!

WHAT ABOUT THE FIRE? THE MEN...
ONLY ONE MAN WAS INJURED. THEY ALL CLIMBED UP THE LADDER YOU DROPPED TO THEM AND FOLLOWED YOU OUT THE WINDOW INTO THE NET!

I'M STILL IN A DAZE! RUN THROUGH IT ALL AGAIN FOR ME, WILL YOU?
LISTEN, I'M A BUSY MAN! YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT IT! YOUR SO-CALLED SECRETARY GOT HERSELF A BY-LINE!
TIMES
THE END